

A number of cranks and beats from their homes in eastern states, where they have no influence nor ever cut any swaths, are now holding forth in Kansas in an effort to force the issue of female suffrage upon the people of this state. Among them is the husband or relic of Lucy Stone. He and his petticoated combine raided Kansas about thirty-six years ago. Periodically they have been drifting in on the same mission ever since. Of course they take Kansas people for chumps. Because we have experimented with about all the politicalisms and moral reforms ever offered, these self-constituted regenerators, who have no influence where they are best known, presume that Kansas can be bombarded into any kind of absurdity, even to the injection of political dissensions into her homes. Kansas is not without experience with the kind of women who essay the role of the boss in breeches, and their example has not proved particularly encouraging. We might cite Mrs. Mollie Lease and Mrs. Carrie Nation, but these women, though they were not cranks, had their failures.

For the first time in several years, the scientific world is without representation in active arctic exploration, the Intrepid searches for the north pole comprising the expeditions under command of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, Evelyn B. Baldwin and Captain Otto Sverdrup having returned from their voyages without accomplishing their ambitious purpose. That neither of the expeditions penetrated the north frigid zone farther than its predecessors, it is to Lieutenant Peary's credit that, in touching eighty-four degrees, seventeen minutes north, he went within three hundred and forty miles of the pole, a point nearer to it than has heretofore been touched on the Western Hemisphere. At that latitude, further efforts to advance were not attempted, because of the impracticability of the relay system, the ice floes becoming smaller, the pressure ridges on a grander scale, and the open leads more frequent. Notwithstanding failure to go to the pole, Lieutenant Peary is more convinced than ever before that it can be reached, a plan evolved from his more recent experiences being to start from winter quarters somewhere on the eighty-third degree, either from Franz Josef Land or from the north of Greenland, and make the journey by sledges.

Whatever may be said to the contrary by a certain class of editors who are afraid to touch an electrode, President Roosevelt has done well to define and restate the Monroe doctrine. The full realization of this doctrine or policy by Europe was never before so important to us as it is now. Let the continental European nations often be reminded in proper language that it is no vain boast that we are making; but our people, more than Europeans, need to know and to act constantly upon the fact that this external peace for the American hemisphere will be respected no longer than we have sufficient power to maintain it. If we do not constantly keep our navy up to the strength of that of Germany or France, we may expect to be called upon, on some disagreeable day, to fight, and possibly to suffer grave disaster and humiliation. The building of a first-class battleship is worth a million speeches on the subject, and President Roosevelt is building ships as well as talking. If he has his way, there will never be any danger in his day that a European swaggerer will fall to respect the Monroe Doctrine.

The late Madame Carnot, widow of the French president who was assassinated some years ago, directed in her will that a certain hideous Esau Indian idol in her possession should be destroyed. Mr. T. P. O'Connor says: "This idol was given to President Carnot by a friend, who laughingly told him a legend attached to it, which was to the effect that its possessor would attain supreme power, and then die by the knife. The idol had belonged to the Rajahs of Kahadjuroo, of whom five certainly—perhaps more—died by the knife of an assassin. Carnot laughed when his friend told him the legend attaching to the idol, but after it came into his possession Carnot became President of France, and died by the assassin's dagger. No wonder Mme. Carnot ordered that the terrible thing should be destroyed."

The Bethel Primitive Methodist Chapel at Burney, Lancashire, recently observed an important anniversary and issued a souvenir handbook containing copies of old records. A minute passed in 1864 reads: "That we do not allow young men and young women to walk in the street together arm in arm at any time, neither do we allow them to stand at street corners chatting together. By another resolution the chapel authorities forbade girl choristers wearing bows in their bonnets.

It was facetiously said years ago that at a fire in a Boston hotel some of the guests made their escape on a sentence uttered by Senator Everts. The senator was probably no match for Secretary Payne of the New Jersey board of riparian commissioners who, in granting a conditional permit for a 200-foot extension, wrote two sentences, one of which contained 288 words. That was something more than a word per foot.

It has been held an impossibility to angelize the Latins, to inspire a Spaniard or Italian with an American's spirit of push and enterprise. The stress of many centuries of responsibility has no doubt tamed the blood of the older civilizations. However association with Anglo-Saxon energy may infuse a degree of life and ambition even unto the Spanish mixed races of the West Indies and of Central and South America. A returned educational crank from Puerto Rico describes the young people of both sexes as wild to learn English and become Americanized. The girls want to become telegraph-

Gen. Sumner, the American commander in the Island of Mindanao, recently sent an ultimatum to the Sultan of Bacolod, in which he cited the heavy punishment inflicted upon the rebellious Maclun Moros and urged the Sultan of Bacolod to establish friendly relations with the American. The ultimatum did not have the desired effect, and in reply the Sultan said that the Moros desire immediate war, and that the people did not desire American friendship. So the dispatches of Thursday morning announced that General Sumner is sending a force of fighters after the Sultan of Bacolod who will in short order be giving up his slave wives and begging for the friendship of America.

New York, despite its gambling exchanges, its robber boards, its tenderloin districts and its dissolute four hundred, is still a city of churches, a center of worship. In the two New York city boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx there are 880 places of public worship and of these the Jews have 190 synagogues, including temples in the fashionable localities and small halls in east-side tenements. The Catholics have 250 churches, the finest being St. Patrick's cathedral, erected at a cost of \$2,500,000. The Protestant Episcopal church has 91 buildings, among them such famous edifices as Old Trinity, St. Paul's chapel and Grace church. There are 63 Methodist Episcopal and 59 Presbyterian places of worship, 49 Baptists and 42 Lutheran churches. The

"Days like this remind me of the past—and it was long ago," said the woman to those gathered about her. "It happened when Chicago was not as large as it is now. I had just left school, and it was necessary that I help make the living or get out of town. I was a young girl, and my father, a German, was not always rich. When I was young father owned his own place and was foreman in a factory not far away, and Lincoln Park—then with a cemetery at one end—was near. One Sunday afternoon father bounced through the doorway to dodge a shower. He drew out of his coat a long pocketbook of red leather, and mother and I sprang for the treasure. Father shook his head and said, 'Well, it's all mine.'"

"This money," he declared, "if there is any in the thing, is not mine. I found it." Highwaymen never despoiled the victim quicker than we despoiled father. Mother took the purse into the parlor and went promptly through the folds. It was literally filled with bills. While mother was discovering these things father was telling how he had found the money. He had been sitting on a bench in Lincoln Park, when a well-dressed young man came along, stopping for a moment to write his name in the sand with his stick. He sat down near father and tossed pebbles into the water. Suddenly the sky darkened and they both started. In front of father, where the young man had been sitting, was the pocketbook. Father picked it up and set right out to find the owner, but he was lost in the crowd pushing for the North Clark street car. He could not find the owner, and he never remembered the young man had been writing his name and went back. The waves had washed the letters away, except "J. W. Bro.—". Father then hurried home.

"Directly he returned home from Europe last month, says an exchange. Richard Mansfield sent for a well-known player to consult about a part in his production of "Julius Caesar." The man happened to be decidedly self-prodigious.

"Good morning," said Mansfield, as his caller entered. "You know, I'm preparing 'Julius Caesar.' I've a capital part for you. But before we go into details as to that let me know your salary." As he said this he turned to the desk to adjust some memoranda.

"Four hundred dollars," said his caller.

Mansfield continued his work, with his back turned, but replied, pleasantly, "You will please shut the door when you go out, won't you?"

Some of the riders and ropers of the 191 ranch will give an exhibition at the Alabama state fair.

A drilling company is putting down a well at Billings. The drill is at a depth of 700 feet just now.

There are seventy-five carloads of steel and ties at Anthony for the extension of the Orient south.

The slot machine evil has become tangled up in the fight against the Democratic nominee for sheriff in Woods county.

A writer for the Boston Transcript, describing "Scrub Oaks," a settlement in southeastern Massachusetts, tells a tale of the death of one of the residents and the offering of a frank spoken prayer. The portion of the Scripture and the making of a prayer, the biographical part of the sermon began, in which attention was called to the ungodly lives of the "Scrub Oakers" in general, and the deceased in particular, with the startling conclusion, "And I have no doubt that the late Mr. W— is now even gnashing his teeth in hell!" This was too much for old P—, one of the intimates of the departed, and he strode from the church in high indignation, and was found at the close of the services excitedly ranting and ranting forth across the church porch green and shining with tobacco juice in all directions. Some one asked what he thought of the remarks as to his friend. "Dr. S— has sold a blank B—," says P—, "for I know for a certainty that the old man hasn't had a tooth in his head for over twenty years."

The truth about the practice of polygamy among the Mormons, which appears to be in dispute among some English newspaper correspondents, is presumably contained in the following passage from a letter in which Mrs. J. K. Lawson, who is sending her "Impressions of America" to the Dundee Advertiser, describes a visit to Salt Lake City. A person with whom the lady discussed this subject said:-

It is practiced just as it was before the law forbidding it was passed. Only it is now sheched instead of open. I'll tell you how it is. A man may not have more than one wife in his house; he can have another woman in another house—the next door—and over the way, and so on. A friend of mine who wished to see a Mormon on business was directed to a house in the suburbs—one of five adjoining each other.

"Does Mr. So-and-so live in this house?" he inquired of a little boy on the doorstep.

While the Rev. Dr. C. T. Baylis, the new pastor of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational church, of Brooklyn, was visiting the Sunday school of the Bethesda church of the same borough, he was asked to speak to the children. He took for a text St. Luke x:42: "But one thing is needful."

"Coal," came the answer, piped from the center of the school.

一个年轻的英国女士正在访问她的第一个农场。看见一头牛非常凶猛，她对一个老农人说：“噢，多么凶猛！那头牛多可怕！”

“是的，小姐，它是红色的，你正抱着它呢，”老农人说。

“噢，”她说，“我知道它是个粗鲁的家伙，但我不曾想过一头英国牛会注意到它。”

While Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Goodwin were in London they attended a performance at the Comedie Theatre, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. From a stall opposite theirs a woman enthusiastically waved a handkerchief at them. They bowed pleasantly.

"Who's that, Max?" asked Mr. Goodwin of his wife. "I know her face quite well, but can't think of her name."

"She's familiar to me, too," replied Miss Elliott. But her name isn't. I've forgotten it completely."

"Doesn't she write? Why, yes. What ever does she sign herself? Dear, dear I shall forget my own name next, or yours." And Mrs. Goodwin's face became thoughtful. "I've got it—she's been London correspondent of the Boston Herald for years, and she's a comely thing of it. I think of it. There's a well-known American actress. I remember distinctly being introduced to of the same name as a friend of mine."

At that instant a card was presented to Mr. Goodwin.

"I knew I'd heard that name before," seriously commented Nathaniel, and Maxime smiled.

Hylands, who had purchased a new horse warranted to be quiet to ride and in harness, and a good trotter to boot, had invited a friend to accompany him for a trial drive. They had not gone very far when the horse bolted, ran up against a heap of stones lying in the road, and pitched both occupants into the lane. When they recovered, the horse had disappeared, leaving the buggy shaftless and a heap of wreckage. Hylands began to roar.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" dejectedly in-

quired the friend.

"Why, the fellow that sold me that horse, lent me the buggy."

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As Paddy was walking along the street one day he came across a chip potato van drawn by an ass. He stood and looked at it for some time, when a passer by asked him what he was staring at.

"Oh," says Paddy, "begorra, an' O've seen muny a lazy ass in O'reland, but O've never seen wan that needs a steam engine to push it."

The Inaccuracies of Authors.
(Edward Latham in the Saturday Review.)

In "Ivanhoe" a knight of Richard I. would converse with a contemporary of William the Conqueror, who was Richard's great-grandfather.

In the "Newcomes" Clive in a letter dated 183— asks "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Kmees's brush?" The reason was probably due to the fact that there was no Prince Consort before 1840.

The moon seems to be a very dangerous planet for writers to trifle with. In "King Solomon's Mines" Rider Haggard makes an eclipse of the satellite take place at the new instead of the full moon—an astronomical impossibility. In the "Children of Gibbon" Walter Besant has caused a new moon to rise in the east at 2 o'clock in the morning. The most casual observer has without doubt noticed that the new moon appears in the western sky and sets from the moment it becomes visible.

A Paris journal recently recorded the discovery in the home of the nude corpse of a man with ten scars in his waistcoat pocket. The title was "Curious case of a paradoxical man." The case of Robinson Crusoe—who before divorcing himself of his clothes to swim to the wreck took possession of all his pockets full of blunders.

The anachronisms and errors of Shakespeare are too well known to require repetition. He speaks of cannon in the reign of King John, a century and a half before their invention; he refers to the printing in the reign of Henry II. of clocks in the time of Caesar; makes Horace quote Aristotle and Corippus refer to Calo. He introduces a billiard table into the house of Cleopatra; makes Despatch an island and gives a monarch to Bohemia.

How to Rest the Eyes.
(From the Philadelphia Press.)

People who suffer from tired eyes will be glad to learn how a noted French author accidentally discovered an excellent remedy. It is a simple method of restoring the vision of freshness when after reading or writing your eyes begin to ache.

His eyes might while the author was engaged in writing an article his eyes gave out before he could finish and he was compelled to stop. So, turning from his unfinished manuscript, his eyes fell upon some pieces of colored silk that his wife had been using for patch-work. These gray colors had a peculiar attraction for his wearied eyes. On resuming his work after gazing at them for several minutes he found them quite fresh. After several experiments he surrounded his inkstand with brilliantly colored striped silk material, that his eyes might rest on them every time he dipped his pen into the ink. This brings instant relief.

Roosevelt is a man who never refused to attempt, because there was a chance that he might fail.

Roosevelt is never afraid. He doesn't seem to know what fear is.